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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

Remember the Sick Babies' Fund.

The Damrosch baby may be Blaine's mascot for the coming campaign.

The City of New York will be a real flying Yankee when she floats the Stars and Stripes.

A Fifty-fifth street spook has turned out to be a lost raccoon. Score one forsooth for psychical research.

If Harrison won't turn Raum out, why should he expect the people to assist in turning himself in again?

Wisconsin is now entertaining the sea-serpent. It may be on its way to the Republican National Convention.

Capt. Cross is a persistent raider of the disorderly houses in his precinct. The Captain evidently means business.

Patrolman MONAHAN'S \$2,000,000 legacy has shrunk in two days to \$750. Its loose dimensions like a Summer flannel shirt.

BLAINE had a quiet day yesterday. If his friends have their way it will remain to him as one of the last days of that nature.

Bunco King O'BRIEN probably yearns enthusiastically for a verification in his own case of the old proverb, "out of sight, out of mind."

Ex-Speaker REED might have counted a quorum among the distinguished party men who called on Mr. BLAINE yesterday. But he wasn't anxious.

A Michigan veteran, tired of waiting for a pension, committed suicide. And yet ALONZ is marching on Washington with the G. A. R. behind him.

Emperor HUANG had a narrow escape behind his runaway horses yesterday. But really he has been in grave peril from his runaway tongue.

A principal has been mortally wounded in a duel in Hungary. It is unnecessary to explain that HARRY VANCE MILLET et al. had nothing to do with this duel.

A bear got out of the Washington Zoological Park yesterday, and for once Congress didn't have a monopoly of the disturbance in the District of Columbia.

That Texas boy with the alpha et in his eye will soon be heard of in the hands of a manager with a good deal of dime numismatic distributed between his pockets.

JERRY SIMPSON thence to take off his socks as a preliminary to a fight at Warrenton, Va. But almost any fellow takes off his stockings when he means to wade in.

In the emergencies of a great political canvass, the friend in need and indeed is frequently that one who is most ready and plausible in denying things to the candidate.

Gen. DYERFORTH tells the Congressmen that his experiments never failed to produce rain. The General is like the man in the comic song. He remembers but he forgets.

The dynamite and powder bargees are to be ordered away from Ellis Island. A very proper step, which may save the metropolitan reg on from the dangers of a home bombardment.

A Bridgeton N. J. septuagenarian has had his vision suddenly restored, so that he can read the fine type without glasses. This is about the most satisfactory case of second sight on record.

Mme. REYNOLD, the Paris murderer, says she is not sorry. The deliberation with which she emptied her revolver into her victim's body proved that she didn't mean to leave anything to regret.

A long suffering and much chapped-up plump will hail with glee the announcement that hereafter the law is to be enforced against those mischief-making people who throw banana skins into the streets.

Policeman never faced a graver charge than that made against Boudinman DAILY, of the Delaney street station, by the mother of MAMIE HANNAN. And the Commissioners and other authorities concerned were never called to a stern and sober investigation than is demanded in this case.

These are shocking days for the conservative moralists. Close upon the Parkhurst crusade and Dr. BARNSFORD's

proposition for church-controlled saloons, comes the recommendation from the city's chief police expert that disorderly houses, since they cannot be utterly suppressed, be legalized and kept under police supervision and regulation, as in European cities. Better this, says BURNS, thinks, than periodical raids and a scattering of tainted women among otherwise respectable localities.

CLAR EYESIGHT NEEDED.

Mr. BLAINE has come to New York to become an orator. His friends and admirers and they are numerous in this country, as, indeed, they are in all parts of the United States, will sincerely hope that he may find the best skill the profession affords and derive great benefit from the treatment he undergoes.

At this time especially Mr. BLAINE needs strong and clear eyesight. It is very desirable that he should see distinctly the aims, objects, and characters of those who profess to be his most ardent friends; that needful of vision should blind him to the tricks, treachery and selfishness of the professional politician. Probably his Cabinet associates may know that under capable professional treatment the obligations of a Secretary to his chief may be faithfully reflected on the delicate organism of the retina.

If, however, of his followers anticipate,

Mr. BLAINE should receive the Minnesota nomination and be elected President, it will be most fortunate if he is found to be so true to the slightest defect of vision as not to have any difficulty in recognizing the fact that the first duty of the citizen who is honored with that high position is to the nation and not to party; to the people and not to the politicians. Then, indeed, would the country have reason to rejoice that the Secretary's eyesight has been made clear, and to anticipate from the ablest Republican statesman in the United States a bribe, successful and honorable Adminstration.

ALL BURGLARS HAVE MOTHERS.

Chicago burglars are growing sentimental. One of them had a woman by the throat Monday night, and was otherwise explaining to her that he wanted her jewelry, when she gurgled out a statement that all the jewels she possessed were gifts from her mother, which made her undiscriminating of those suddenly parting with them. Her words went straight to the burglar's heart, and he permitted his burgling at once, and scooping a tear out of his good eye, remarked: "Keep them, madam; your wishes shall be respected. I had a mother once myself." He was arrested later, but that's his own and the police's business, not ours.

According to an English magazine Robert Lincoln has spoiled his chances for the Presidential nomination by appearing before a press club in stockings and knee breeches—"a concession to monarchial etiquette which is highly repugnant to Republican austerity and simplicity."

That nothing is more easily forgotten than an umbrella or cane is proven by a recent sale of unclaimed property by a railroad company. The lot comprised nearly two thousand umbrellas, more than a thousand walking sticks and three hundred parasols.

Among the clatters at the City Hall, yesterday was "Uncle Dan" Rice or "Old Dan" Rice, as he is familiarly known. Uncle Dan claims the unique distinction of being the original circus clown. He has just recovered from an attack of pneumonia, and he says he is neither fatter nor better in his life. The young man is between sixty and seventy.

The Evening World's Sick Babies' Fund was established for the purpose of relieving the ailing children of the poor. Its aim is to let a little sunshine into gloomy places by sending rays of hope to those interested in the fact that he is fevered and prostrated and are perishing in pain.

Both mothers should have our sympathy, but don't you think the mother of poverty deserves some more substantial attention? In a world that teems with prosperity, could not a little be spared to soften the pains of the suffering child, to calm the mother's bursting heart?

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Each does her utmost to rescue her darling back to life. One has untried means at command and all the resources of medical science; the other is penniless and helpless, and can only bow her head and pray for the impending perils to pass.

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The Fund's doctors to minister to the sick babies of the tenements, and the doctors of the poor from the great. Last year over twenty instances were cured for by The Evening World's free physicians, and the blessings of as many mothers were uttered for the contributors to the fund.

This summer there is more work ahead for the corps of free physicians, and a larger sum than before is needed. All who have hearts and whose humanity can be touched by the miseries of this world are asked to give something to this Fund. It need not be much. A nickel or a dime will do. Every little will help, and there is not a single cent of it that will not do more than a dollar's worth of good.

DR. HOLMES ON TRAILING SKIRTS

The Essence of Vulgarity, Thinking the Gentle Poet

In "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," Oliver Wendell Holmes has this to say on the effect-sweeping dresses of the modern woman:

"Don't tell me that a truly ladylike earnestness of the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. . . . There are some things that no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things."

"Our ladylike daughter is a young lady of taste, and when a burglar bends over you some night and you find yourself suddenly awake with one eye lost in the muzzle of a large-bore revolver, don't go and get mad or frightened, but talk softly to the party with the bull's-eye lantern about his mother, and he will quickly away from your bedside and take nothing with him from your premises but palpitation of the heart."

To be sure, these dresses are so made only to sweep the tapestry floors of chateaux and palaces; as those odious aristocrats of the other side do not go dragging through the mud in silks and satins, but forthwith, most ride in coaches when they are in full dress.

It is true that, considering various shades of the American people, also the little accidents which the best-kept sidewalkers are liable to, a lady who has swept a mile of dirt is not exactly in such a condition that one would care to be her neighbor. . . . Why, there isn't a beast or a bird that would drag tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses.

Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-honor or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. . . ."

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